

good and kind a man is so bad a man as Miss Reinheart says he is," thought Jus.

Jus was correct in his judgment. Olive was wrong.

"Please, Sir," said Jus, after he recovered from his surprise, "I had to stop at home and help in cleaning and cooking as long as ma was ill, and during those days I couldn't sell papers. That's how you missed me."

"Why, are you the only help your mother has?" asked Guttman, thinking, perhaps, that here was another good chance to help another poor family.

"No, Sir," said Jus, "there's a nice lady who comes to help us now and then. I am not all alone. That would make me feel bad."

As far as a dislike for being alone went, I think Jus and Guttman resembled each other.

Jus then explained to Mr. Guttman that he had really come to apply for a position as office-boy. He got it. And very few questions were asked. Guttman told Jus that there was no need of starting work until the morning, so he returned home. On his way he stopped at the convent to thank Sister Serena, and this time, when the big door opened automatically, Jus did not lose his presence of mind as he did on another occasion.

Jus reached home just as Olive was about to depart, and who stayed a little longer in order to hear the outcome of Jus' visit to Mr. Guttman. Mrs. Wright was wishing that Olive would go, fearing that Mr. Wright would soon arrive home in one of his hilarious moods, as was usually the case during the August races. Olive noticed Mrs. Wright's excited looks, and feared she was falling into a relapse, so she gently chided her, saying, "Now, Mrs. Wright, don't excite yourself. What is it, anyway? Tell me, won't you? Perhaps I can help you?"

"Oh, it's nothing," said Mrs. Wright, "only I was thinking of that awful husband of mine. I hope, Miss Reinheart, you will be more fortunate when you are married."

A little crimson showed itself on Olive's face. "I thought that possible, some few weeks ago, Mrs. Wright," said Olive, "but I am commencing to think that after all I

am to pass the rest of my life in a single state. Perhaps it is better after all."

"That may all come to pass as you say, Miss Reinheart, but sometimes things take a queer turn," said Mrs. Wright, as Olive wished them all "Good evening!"

Jus got along splendidly at Mr. Guttman's office, and the latter took a great interest in his new clerk. In the evenings Jus used to visit Father Seligmacher, who gave him some lessons in Latin, and Jus proved a very apt scholar.

Many a basket of provisions or something substantial came to the Wright family, and when asked, "Who sent it?" the man who drove the delivery-wagon said he couldn't tell. Of course the unknown benefactor was Guttman. Later on, Guttman, himself visited the family, and even went so far as to carry something or other along with him.

On one of these visits Gottlieb saw Olive. He simply bowed to her, but did not introduce himself. He had a good opportunity of studying her, and could not help but admire her kind and gentle way of treating this poor family. That night Olive left Wright's house early, and hence had not thought of asking Gottlieb's name.

Soon after that the same errands of charity brought them together again at "Wright's Roost." Mrs. Wright was convalescing slowly, and consequently felt rather low spirited. One evening Gottlieb was trying to cheer her up by relating some funny anecdotes, not forgetting to introduce an example of some saint in order to show the necessity of christian resignation during a severe illness.

As Olive was about to enter the house, Guttman was commencing to tell of his laughable experience with the committee from Lodge No. 1. Olive walked in noisily and took a chair—the only one, for Guttman occupied the strongest end of the springless lounge.

Bowing to Olive, Guttman went on with his story. Jus couldn't contain himself for laughter. He now and then looked at Olive, who seemed a little bewildered.

When Guttman finished his story, Olive full of blushes, walked over to Guttman, saying, "My name is Olive Reinheart, is your name Guttman?"

"That's my name, Miss Reinheart, but